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Harvard University
Class of
1899

'99 RETURNS



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VOL. III



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'99 Returns

Or

How the Orange and Black Boys Propose to Do it in 1914

CHAP. III

Setting forth the skilful plans by which the sundry lovers scheme to reach the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mater and so beguile them with pleasing entertainment, luscious viands, and costly wines that they will consent to a reunion with their fair daughter Alma

Address all Communications to "'99 Returns," 28 Oliver St., Boston

Vol. III

MARCH

1914

Committees

Quindecennial Committee

J. F. Perkins, Chairman

J. C. McCall

H. H. Fish, Treasurer

H. S. Thompson

A. Adams, Secretary, 7 Water St., Room 615

Reception and Entertainment Committee

Frank O. White, Chairman

P. D. Haughton

Cyrus Sargeant

A. Adams

E. A. Boardman

Monday and Tuesday Committee

E. D. Brooks, Chairman

Malcolm Donald

Philip M. Tucker

Wednesday Committee

Howard Coonley, Chairman

J. C. Howe

Dinner Committee

James F. Curtis, Chairman

John H. Sherbourne

R. Fulton Blake

New London Committee

Roland G. Hopkins, Chairman

George A. Cole

Music Committee

Paul M. Keene, Chairman

Henry S. Dennison

W. Stanley Parker

Decorations and Souvenirs

Pliny Jewell, Chairman

H. P. Macomber

Henry S. Dennison

Smokes and Drinks

Walworth Pierce

Note that the Monday and Tuesday Committees have consolidated and the proposed arrangements for those days look like a continuous performance.

Note also that the Dinner Committee has increased.

Official

Quindecennial dates, Monday, June 15 et seq., 1914

THE regular monthly meeting of the various committees on February 20 disclosed these tentative plans for the celebration. After the various round-up bosses have gathered the clans together, and these same clans have been thoroughly received by Frank White and "Coot" and decorated by P. J., they will be taken by the Monday and Tuesday Committee out of town — probably to a spot on or near Buzzard's Bay, where they can have a chance in complete seclusion to see old friends, make new ones, and generally get together, in the real '99 fashion. After spending the night there, they will start the next day with a swim and can then enjoy the freedom of the country and seashore to their hearts' content, with golf, tennis, soft baseball, and such other forms of amusement as may be arranged by the Committee. Return will be made to Boston in the late afternoon and that evening will be left free for each one to do such things as he may desire. Many from a distance will want to see their friends in the neighborhood who did not happen to have the good fortune to be '99ers ; many of the local delegation will want to see wife and children for a few minutes ; small groups of more intimate friends in the Class may want to get together, and many may want to attend Class Day. There will doubtless be some automobiles along so that any who may want to return to Boston before the crowd can be accommodated.

Wednesday is the day of the Harvard-Yale baseball game on Soldiers' Field, and arrangements will be made for the Class to have seats together. The morning will be spent

with other celebrating classes on other parts of the field, where interclass events of an athletic nature or such other events as our energetic Wednesday Committee may arrange, will be indulged in. "Coot" will undoubtedly want to row and is practically sure to be given a chance. Luncheon will be served on the grounds. The Dinner Committee announces that the Class Dinner will be held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel on Wednesday evening and that the speeches will be few and snappy.

Thursday is Commencement. Luncheon will be served either in our room in Holworthy or elsewhere in the Yard, definite announcement of which will be made later. All will be expected to vote for Overseers and we hope '99 will have a candidate on the ballot. Farley was elected at the Decennial; we ought to do equally well this time if every '99 man does his duty "shoulder to shoulder." The Harvard Club of Boston usually has an entertainment Thursday evening for all visiting graduates and Friday is the day of the

HARVARD-YALE REGATTA AT NEW LONDON

We shall arrange to go down and see the Varsity Race together anyway, and possibly all the races, but

THIS IS THE QUESTION

Shall we all go to Watch Hill or some other place, but preferably Watch Hill, for the night before the Regatta, as we did in 1909? It will cost about \$1,000 more than going down by train on the day of the Races (and possibly missing the morning races). WOULD IT BE WORTH IT TO YOU? To many that trip was the most successful event of the Decennial. It was new then; no class has ever

done it before. In addition to allowing us surely to see the morning races, it would give us a chance for a swim and another night at the seashore and not in the city, and need not be too strenuous. The Committee would like to hear from the Class on the subject. They feel the trip would be worth while. Think it over, then sit down and fill out the enclosed Postal Card and mail it. The details of the races have not yet been announced, but we shall plan to be there and wind up our Quindecennial in the usual Blaze of Crimson Glory.

Class Secretary's Notice

SINCE the last issue of the "*Returns*" we have learned with regret of the sudden death at Brattleboro, Vt., of Charles Roswell Howe, who was a temporary member of the Class. He had been living in the Brighton district of Boston and was away on a business trip. He is survived by a widow and young son.

Up to March 1 we had received three hundred and seventy-six answers for the Report. This is not satisfactory. We must have many more to make the Report at all worth while and complete. We have heard from quite a number whom we did not hear from five years ago, but there are still too many delinquents. **SO SEND IN YOUR ANSWER NOW.** Many have come in without any story at all. This is disappointing. We ought to have a few facts about all who answer. It is almost inconceivable that after fifteen years each one has not done something that can be recorded. We cannot all have done equally interesting and

exciting things, but that is no excuse for not putting down what has happened to each one, be it small or great, commonplace or exciting. To all who write nothing I am sending a personal request for their cooperation to the extent of writing a little something. From some of these I am getting a few words, but it is discouraging how few reply. After all, as I have said before, the Report will be just what the Class makes it. I shall do the best I can with the material you furnish — '99 has never yet failed to make good, so don't let this be an exception. Forget your modesty and indifference and write a short story of yourself (there have been *many* very interesting ones come in already) and

SEND IN YOUR ANSWER NOW.

If you have never received any blank, write for one without delay to

ARTHUR ADAMS, *Secretary*,
50 State St., Room 50, Boston.

(Please use this address only for answers for Class Report.)

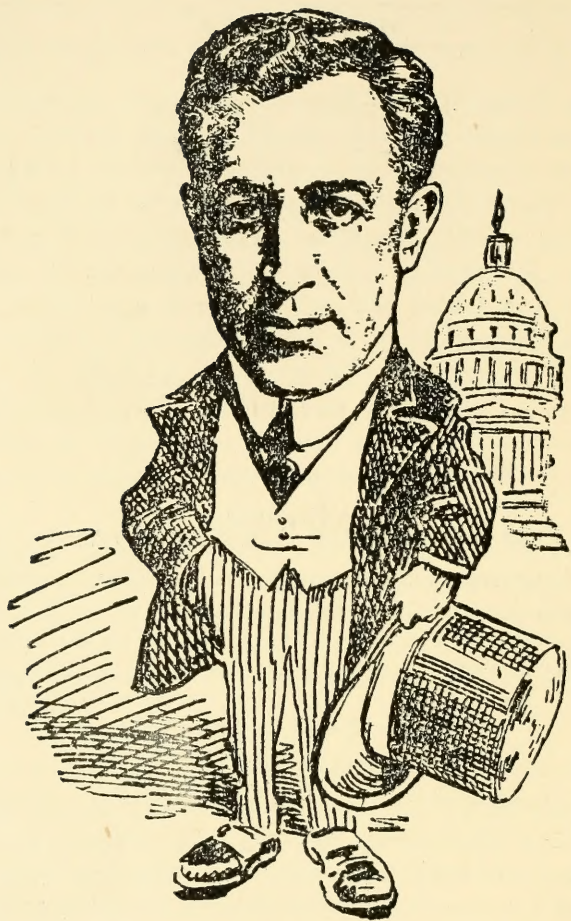
Lost Men

"**L**OST LIST" is reduced by three. Thomas H. Stack is in Kansas City, Mo., Thornton S. Hardy is with the Associated Press in San Francisco, Cal., and Walter J. Osborne is said to be with the Atlas Tack Co., Fairhaven; anyway, his address is 90 Laurel Street, Fairhaven, Mass. All have been written to, but none have as yet answered.

ARTHUR ADAMS, *Secretary*.

Francis V. Alexandre
John J. Colbert
Charles McKey
Thomas S. R. Nelson

James M. Rogers, Jr.
Ralph Slye
Harry St. C. Smith
William C. Thompson



JOHN WELLS FARLEY

Publisher of *The Boston Herald*

This man leads a double life :
One of peace, and one of strife ;
By day a lawyer, full of fight,
A peaceful publisher by night.
A football player in his youth,
He tackles error and roots for truth.
On his double life we shall not parley —
Forget he's a lawyer and drink to Farley !

(*Echo from the last Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, D.C. — Ed.*)

Treasurer's Notice

IN another column you will find the general scheme of the celebration plans. In this connection I wish to say that Quindecennials also require the expenditure of some money.

H. H. FISH, *Treasurer*,
7 Water St., Room 615, Boston, Mass.

To dance the MAX(ixe)WELL be SAVAGE!

Menu

THE Dinner Committee announces the following menu for the Quindecennial banquet :

Soups — Fish chowder, Coot stew, and Campbell's chicken.

Fish — Fried White fish.

Roast — See under matrimonial bureau.

Poultry — Chick à la Hamilton, Chicken à la King.

Game (in Season-good) — Stuffed Swan with Rice, Potted Robbins with bRice, and Burlin-game.

bEggs — au Burr noir.

Bread — Graham, White, and Brown (with Plumbs) and Baker's roll with fresh Butters.

Fruit — Baldwin apples, Bartlett pears, and green Gage plums.

Beverages — Gordon's Gin, Hunter Rye, Glenn-garry Scotch, old Irish, Duffy's Extract of Malt, Poland water and the four Wilsons — that's all.



F. W. Chain-lightning Hersey — here we see
 On the Boulevards of gay Paree
 Reering round with a throbbing cœur
 For a soubrette gay, with green cheveux.

His parents wise, to slow him down
 Gave him a name of sepulchral sound.
 Quoth Cheaney, giving a naughty wink :
 " I'll give the folks another think !
 By hitching the alphabet after the hearse
 Will deaden the sound, I might do worse."
 So he chained up all the As and Bs,
 And Ms and Ls and Ph.Ds.
 And all the rest — except the Es.

To see him *voilà dans la rue*
 I would never think of a hearse — would you ?

Vindicated! Vindicated !! Vindicated !!!

MATRIMONIAL BUREAU, a proved success, 99.99 per cent pure. Purington knows. The ladies have begun the rush for remnants. Frank was taken on Feb. 17, 1914. Next! Bachelors beware — the Bureau will get you if you don't watch out.

“You can Josh all of the women some of the time,
 You can Josh some of the women all of the time,
 But you can't Josh all of the women all of the time.”

— *Reflections of a Philosopher.*

Henry Hill says he is brushing up on a few stories for the Quindecennial. “Some from the OLD world!”

NOTES AND QUERIES

In the Vol. I issue of “'99 Returns” page 11, the illustration shows Harry McDuffie leading a cheer. Did William Shakespeare refer to this when he wrote, “Lead on, MacDuff”? Or was it Sir Walter Scott or some other kind of Scotch? As a cotton broker, Harry is always “Fair to Middling” and sometimes “Mi(e)ddling with the Fair.”

YOU may think there are just as good fish in the Cs as have ever been caught, but J. Butler Studley caught the best Fish in the As as ever was — A. L. Fish, and salted him away in a catacomb-like office. He is not, however, a cat-fish, but from his speed in solving knotty legal problems more nearly resembles the whiz-fish of which the Pirate sings.

Matrimonial Bureau

CAUTION! We must insist that all communications addressed to our clients be sent to them in care of this bureau. Our fees are reasonable and should not be avoided, but more important, we undertake to select only the most promising applicants. If our rules had been followed, no such hideous error would have occurred as certain correspondence recently directed to W. Pierce. Wallie was mentioned in this department only as an instance of what we can do. He has a charming home and family, and these letters to him positively must cease. — *Editors.*

ROBERT FULTON BLAKE. Girls, you certainly can't afford to pass this one. His namesake, Robert Fulton, first applied steam to the propulsion of vessels; R. F. Blake has applied steam to so many things that if they all went at once, Mr. Perpetual Motion would take off

his hat and retire. So if you are out for one of those quiet homes where they throw a newspaper over the canary and tuck in early for a quiet evening, look over some of our other chances, but don't take "Pi," for without any doubt "Pi" would have the canary

reading the paper aloud to him while he was brushing up on his Spanish and practising some new tunes on the bells, which brings us to the main point. Naturally "Pi," having been brought up on the Back Bay, "made" Class and Weld crews easily, and after graduation concerned himself with means of communication under water. It was his



habit, while thinking over this weighty matter, to run his fingers through his hair, which accounts for the present upstanding position of the latter, but this can be corrected by careful daily brushing. Outside of this trifling matter there are no outs about "Pi." He can speak four languages, sing songs in as many more dialects, is widely traveled, and is sure to be away from home part of each year. Prefers blonds and those able to pick out simple accompaniments on the pianoforte.

NO. 23 X. This month we offer at 99 and accrued interest, subject to prior sale, a high grade, long term investment, *i.e.*, a consolidated, first, closed mortgage industrial, Effie Development, to yield over $5\frac{3}{4}\%$.*

This gilt-edged security is not listed on the New York market, but offers are freely quoted by Philadelphia, Brookline, Taunton, and West Lynn houses.

Effie Development specializes on dolls (paper of course), and among all the women of New England none is held in higher esteem or is in greater demand. Will be found tagging around wherever there is a tango tea.

We have no Hesitation in offering this Innovation as it is the parent-holding company for West Point Glides, Boston Drops, Aeroplane Dips, and Kitchen Sinks. Should not be confused with Chicken flips, but is confused by flip Chickens.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.



*Feet — not per cent.

Literary Notes

TEN-DOLLAR GASS

BY HENRY MILLIONAIRE TRIDEOUT

THIS story, a typical Saturday Evening Postum cereal, is thought by many eminent critics to contain less words than the same author's former triumph, "Your Foot is Twisted." As in the earlier work, the scene is laid in India, the hero being undoubtedly drawn from the negro minstrel who got mixed in with the Class of '99 at their Decennial, with touches here and there drawn from the other Indians of that stirring aggregation. While the interest is not sustained throughout, the story lagging in spots like a Yale crew, it is clear that the writer has at times been outside Careless, Maine, or has at least visited the moving picture theater of that place several times. Indeed, the publishers make the bold claim that the famous young author attended Harvard, and that while there he roomed in the same corridor in Gray's Hall with Professor Barrel Windmill, thus acquiring the strange language he puts into the mouths of his English characters. Your correspondent has at great expense obtained the opinions of eminent authors on the story as follows:

Richard Harding Davis: "If Ten-Dollar Gass is produced, I shall certainly have my house wired for electric lights forthwith."

Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley): "This is the first work of Mr. Trideout's that I have come near reading."

Rudyard Kipling: "The growing custom among authors of paying the magazines to print their stuff must be stopped."

Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Feb. 25, 1914.

"'99 Returns,"

28 Oliver Street, Boston.

Gentlemen: In your issue of February you ask that we all "Ryte" you — about others, if we have nothing special to write about ourselves. I also note in the same issue certain jocosse references to Dole, the Pineapple Prince. Let me assure you that this fellow Dole is "some pun-kins." Several years ago it was my good fortune to invest a modest sum in shares of stock in Dole's Company. I bought some at par and some a little above par and they now sell for about double their par value. For several years these shares have paid 15 per cent a year, and this year, in a brief annual report of three pages, pithy and to the point, Dole announces that there is about \$350,000 of undivided profits in the treasury (this on a capital stock of only \$700,000). Not only this, but wherever one turns in San Francisco he encounters in large letters or bottles, "Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice." A very large sign to this effect adorns our baseball park, where "Dole" is eagerly purchased by the thirsty fans, even, I am glad to report, by those in the booze cage. I see Dole here occasionally and each time he is making a new contract for taking care of his waste products, so that no nimble penny may escape his stockholders, over whom he exercises a wise paternalism, which is sometimes objected to when he declines to cut and divide his big melons and wisely holds them against a rainy day. He is the same modest man that he always was, however, and likes to hide his light under a bushel, except when it comes to advertising his incomparable products. As he is such a public character, it occurred to me that his classmates might be interested in this brief survey of his operations. It also seems appropriate to suggest that, as some of us (not I) are abstainers, Dole should come through with *free pineapple juice* for our Quindecennial. I am sure that he will if he reads this unsolicited testimonial.

Very truly yours,

S. H. DERBY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1914.

THE EDITORS, "'99 Returns,'"

Gentlemen: After having spent most of the past five years gnashing my teeth because I wasn't at the Decennial, and the rest of the time uselessly endeavoring to explain to any '99 men I saw why I wasn't there, this is to say, first, that I shall come to the Quindecennial if I have to pawn my socks. (Honest, I spelt that Q word without looking it up.) But this isn't a class life, so, I say secondly, Please, please print in "'99 Returns," right away, the exact dates of this beckoning and beaconing Monday-to-Thursday. I want to get it down in my date book. I've been through the first issues with pleasure, but can't find any dates. Am I blind or stupid?

Aside from this suggestion, may I state that I believe "'99 Returns" is the most enticing magazine to-day in the periodical world, and one that is read from cover to cover. (You may use this with your advertisers.)

Sincerely,

EDWARD H. VIRGIN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1914.

ARTHUR ADAMS, ESQ'RE,

The New England Trust Company,
135 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Arthur: I leave on Saturday, March 7, for a trip, and will not be back in New York until about the 1st of April.

I had hoped that I would get the list of the New York and vicinity '99 men before leaving, so that I could start in with the missionary work at the earliest possible moment, but I presume that it would be just as well to begin it in April as in March. However, — if my not being here in March will in any way inconvenience the work of the Committee in so far as this section of the country is concerned, — please tell them to do whatever they think best, and that I shall hold myself in readiness to do anything that I can to assist them on my return on April 1.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN C. MCCALL.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, S. C.
OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

WILBUR H. LYNCH, SUPERINTENDENT

7a. Calle Altamirano 130-132

MEXICO, D. F.

Feb. 11, 1914.

MR. ARTHUR ADAMS,
New England Trust Company,
135 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

My dear Arthur: The notice regarding the '99 reunion in June has just put in an appearance. Our fair city has been receiving for some moons but one mail each week, so that the notice naturally came late.

Personally, I am strongly for the celebration. I have seen but very few fellows of the class since June, 1899, and I am certainly in a state of mind to mingle. My vacation in the North comes each year during May and June, but as I am obliged to be back in Mexico before July 1, I have not been able to get to Cambridge for any Commencement functions. However, I promise to make it next June *sin falta*, provided, of course, our one railroad outlet to Vera Cruz is still in working order. The rebels are curious cusses and their mental processes seem to run largely to cavorting with railroads, so that we never know what to expect. However, we are "watchfully waiting," though some of us have strained our eyes trying to see our Uncle Samuel appear on the scene.

Very sincerely,

WILBUR H. LYNCH.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 18, 1914.

MR. ARTHUR ADAMS,
7 Water St., Room 615, Boston, Mass.

My dear Adams: Received your letter of February 3, in which you stated I had given you no information in regard to myself since the last report in 1908. This I would gladly do if anything of interest had happened in that time. My life since then has been one of simple routine, and I therefore thought there was nothing to add to what I had already given you.

I am going to make every effort to be East for the celebration this year, and I shall prevail upon Lee of Dubuque to join me. Hoping that I shall see you later, I am,

Sincerely yours,

H. C. PARKER.

LAY OFFICE
CRACKEDICE, DONEBROWN & NUTT

Feb. 30, 1914.

DEAR EDITOR:

My finer sensibilities have been frayed in the past by the lack of tone of many of the articles which have appeared in your valued sheet. A little more dignity would be seemly now that we are nearly fifteen years out of college. Why not eliminate the cheap personal jibes and devote more space to questions affecting the national welfare? I try to keep this broader view constantly in mind in my practice, and the better to do so have composed a little verse which I am sure will help you, too, if you only are governed by its maxims. It runs this wise:

I'd have you know my law firm
Is fast the peepul's friend,
Whene're we see a rail-road
It limb from limb we rend.

We fight the fight Quixotic,
Our client's the nameless crowd,
And the poor boob — they don't know they pay
Till they've passed beyond the shroud.

Our fight's for moral uplift,
To elevate the tone
Of Press, and Bar, and Business
We leave unturned no stone.

I remain your dear checkmate,
JAY STUTLER BUDLEY.

EDITORS OF "'99 Returns,"

I am entirely in sympathy with those who think our class publication should be more dignified in tone. Why not publish extracts from the writings of our classmates, excerpts from sermons, bits from T. Catlin's political speeches, paragraphs from Johnston's "Famous Indian Chiefs," Ruhl's Travelogues, Macy's book reviews, what you dare of Rideout's verses, a description of some critical operation by one of our surgeons? Perhaps Donham would contribute a paper on making two dollars grow where one grew before. Why not a department, "What Harvard Did for Me," or, failing that, "What Harvard Did to Yale"? Be serious. The only contribution you have made to the sum of human knowledge was the creation of a new verb: to dabblee (see "Classo-wocky," Vol. II). After seeing that famous catch of Ben's in our triennial ball game with '96, I have always felt the language inadequate. You have supplied the want.

YOUR BROTHER.



